

WAR REMINISCENCE

Editor Times:—It seems as if our good old world is largely made up of joys and sorrows, and will illustrate what I mean by saying that a few weeks ago I was made to rejoice by getting a copy of your valuable paper containing the names of Capt. Wm. L. McNeel's Company of the 19th Cavalry, which as long as I live I shall never part with. In my Saturday mail another copy came to hand with the Roster of Co. G. 31 Reg., of which I was a member for almost two years, and failed to find my name given, which after my letter to you in which I claimed membership in that company and regiment.

Some people might say that fellow Jackson is a fraud. Now I challenge the man who gave you the list to tell why he failed to give it complete. As I wish to vindicate before my comrades and to refresh the memory of some of the boys, I will by your courtesy, give a little sketch of history of '61 which sounds a little like a Aaron Munchauson story, but nevertheless it is a fact. When in camp at Laurel Hill in '61, I with others was on out post duty on the top of Laurel Hill on the night and morning the battle was fought at Rich Mountain. Measles had broken out in camp and that night they broke out on me, and when relieved from picket duty and reaching camp found the tents struck and baggage packed and ready for the march. Each Company of the Regiment had a baggage wagon and it was well filled, for on leaving home we all took our best duds and many keepsakes from friends. Soon after reaching camp we were ordered into line for the march, and out on the picket we started back toward Beverly.

We did not get very far on the way until we found the road blocked by falling timber across it, completely stopping our progress. This looked like a Yankee trick, but I have since learned it was done by General Pegrim's men and not by an enemy. Instead of going to work and clearing the blockade away, our General Garnett wheeled to the left and thus began the worst retreat I was ever in. It rained constantly and we were drenched from head to foot, and I being a boy a little past 14 years, carrying a mountain Howitzer in the shape of a flintlock musket, forty rounds of cartridges and measles enough for a regiment. On we went, from morning till night and then all night with little intervals of rest where we would drop down by the roadside and in a minute be fast asleep. Our baggage wagons were advanced. Each man's luggage was thrown out to be tramped under foot or picked up, if valuable, by the first one coming along. Finally we reached Cheat River and found it pretty boisterous, but there being two fords where the stream was divided. We crossed it by wading and by the time we reached the crossings the Yanks were up with us and then the trouble began. Our General Garnett was killed in a skirmish there and at the second ford the drummer boy of the 12th Georgia was killed while sitting astride a cannon in mid stream. The enemy did not follow us much farther. But we were a sorry set; no grub only what a scarce country afforded and that for an army amounted to but little. I with others, sick and footsore fell behind, a little group of sick and cripples, kept together and for three days and nights, had very little to eat except the bark from the birch trees and lots of water which kept the measles well out on me. When I occasionally hear of a party dying from measles I wonder what kind of stuff they are made of.

We finally rounded into Montzrey, the county seat of Highland county, on Saturday before the first battle of Manassas was fought on Sunday. There we found a hospital prepared for the sick and if I am not mistaken a good old man from Greenbank, Pocahontas

county, by the name of Carr, but one thing I don't forget and that was his kindness to us boys, and had it not been for him I would not now be kicking because my name is not on the Roster of Co. G. 31st Regiment, C. S. A.
Respectfully yours,
G. W. JACKSON.

Editor Times:—In your last issue we read with much pleasure a letter from our old comrade, G. W. Jackson, of Company F, 19th Virginia Cavalry. But he fails to give you a reminiscence which his letter recalls to my mind. Our company was doing scout duty in Pocahontas county and were camped at Glade Hill. Late one evening old Dr. Tracy, who lived near Travelers Rest, hurried into camp and roused the soldiers by the announcement that the Yankees were at Camp Bartow in numbers. Lieut. J. Woods Price and a squad among whom was G. W. Jackson, started to reconnoitre. They proceeded up the back road and with great caution approached the place they expected an outpost. They found none nor could they see any picket fires in the bottom about old Camp Bartow nor anywhere. It was suggested that the Yankees might be on the West Prong, where Durbin now stands. The squad rode there but found nothing. Every house and barn along the pike had been burned, the fences used for wood the first year of the war, the fields were growing up in brush, and there was no place to inquire. As they waited and listened in the night a panther down in the river bottom where Durbin now is screamed several times. They decided that there had been no Yankees there that night. When they got to the Greenbank road Lieut. Price dismounted and struck a match to see if any one had come across the Alleghany and passed down the road. With his ear near the ground he could hear a wagon coming down the mountain. The plan was to back off in the trees and capture the wagon train when it came along. As the first wagon got about opposite, they raised an unearthly yell, and charged. But even above the rebel yell could be heard the screams of women and children. It was a party of refugees from East Virginia making their way to the Northwest, with a pass from General Imboden. It was so dark the Lieutenant could not read the pass and as a pile of shavings where some one had made shingles lay near, they were set on fire. One of the women, a real buxom lass, wept loudly and would not be composed. About the time the shavings were discovered her cries became less hysterical, and the voice of Comrade G. W. Jackson was heard in great compassion imploring, "Honey, don't cry so, honey, we ain't a-going to hurt you, honey!" As the fire blazed up, upon his manly bosom rested a cheek as black as the ace of spades and a head as kinky as wool. He was comforting a negro wench!

The old Dr. Tracy who raised the false alarm, claimed to have been a surgeon in the French Navy, and lived near Travelers Rest. He was a very fine swordsman, and often while camped near, the boys would go to him to be drilled in the use of the sword. Once he showed his wounds. His body to his waist was literally covered with scars. Both the old Doctor and his wife were very fond of whiskey, and they usually kept a supply in the house. Whenever the old Doctor would go away from home upon his return he would find the old lady boiling drunk and all the whiskey gone. On one occasion the Doctor was called away and at the time they had a five gallon keg of spirits. He thought for a long time what he would do with the whiskey to keep it from his wife. There was a fine sugar maple in the yard, and the happy thought struck the Doctor that if he would climb the tree and suspend the keg from a limb, it would be safe from the old lady.

With difficulty he climbed the tree and hung the keg far out in the branches. But woman's wit was equal to the occasion, as usual, and upon the Doctor's return he found his good wife drunk as usual. She had loaded the old musket, shot a hole in the keg and caught the liquor in the dish pan as it dropped down.

No doubt many of the members of Company F, will remember when Bill Overholt was assigned the care of the surgeon's care. Many of the boys worried Bill by telling him that he got this map in order to keep out of battle, but his replies were usually equal to the occasion. One day the Company was going into battle and Dr. Ligon had dismounted and was making preparations to care for any of us who might be unfortunate enough to need attention. Bill was standing near the Doctor with the ears strapped to his back. The resemblance to a hand organ was so marked that the soldiers as they rode toward the battle began to holler, "Play us a tune, Bill! Play us a tune!" Bill straightened up, pointing a finger toward the hill we were going to charge, said in his slow drawl, "Boys, there's some gentlemen behind you hill that will play you a tune!"

And they did, too. But we faced the music, as we had done oft before.

CONFED

It Pays to Advertise.

Leroy E. Flemings, Baltimore and Ohio employe at Central Station, Dodridge county, advertised in a newspaper for a wife, and Miss Oma Fisher, of Third Run, answered the advertisement, and after a correspondence of three months, Mr. Fleming on last Saturday evening arrived in Glenville. Procuring a horse at a livery stable, he went down on Sunday morning, and upon arriving at the house he introduced himself to the girl, and inquired: "How do you like me?" "Fine," replied the girl, "how do you like me?" "You look good to me," answered Fleming, "and if you like me as I like you we will be married!" "Get the preacher," responded the girl. Young Fleming immediately mounted his horse and returned to Glenville, and on Monday morning procured the necessary license, and went back, and the happy twain were made one by Rev. Mr. Hibish. The groom is 26 years of age and the bride 21. The bride is a niece of Mrs. Sam Beall, with whom she has made her home, and is a beautiful young lady.—Glenville Pathfinder.

The report of the State Fire Marshal is out for January. The value of property burned is shown to be \$367,197,000, with insurance of \$274,950,000, leaving a net loss of \$242,669,75. The biggest loss was the burning of the town of Bramwell, Mercer county, caused by an overheated stove pipe in a pool room, amounting to \$137,825. The insurance on the property consumed by the fire was \$58,258 leaving a net loss to the people of \$79,675.00. Only one fire was reported from Tyler county, the dwelling house of W. E. Eberhart of Wick, due to gas, loss \$750.00.

At the election this fall Pocahontas county will elect two County Commissioners. The Times names E. N. Moore, of Greenbank district, and J. J. Coyner, of Edray district as suitable men for members of the County court. We do not know Mr. Coyner but know ing Mr. Moore well we agree with the Times that he would make a most efficient and satisfactory County Commissioner.—Greenbrier Independent.

It is understood that about 1,500 more freight cars, coal and box would be ordered by President Stevens of the C. & O. in the near future. The board of directors, at their meeting last week in New York, authorized an additional expenditure of \$5,000,000 for improvements and equipment. This money will be put in circulation just as fast as President Stevens can have the details worked out.

Bryan on the Saloon.

The saloon, not every one, but as a rule, is in alliance with vice. It is constantly used to debauch soldiers and to prevent the intelligent consideration of public questions. The liquor interests interfere in all matters that may even remotely affect their interests. They made themselves obvious in the last session of the Nebraska legislature. The Democrats had a majority in both branches for the first time in the state's history, and the splendid record of the legislature has but one blot on it, and that blot was put there by the liquor interests. They controlled enough senators to prevent the submission of the initiative and referendum.

"The Democratic party cannot afford to act as the mouth piece of the liquor interests. It can have nothing in common with the selfish mercenary, and conscientless crusade that the liquor interests have organized against the home and the state, against public virtue and public morals."

The Preacher is to Blame.

You will hear the people say I'll not go to church today. They sit around with a sigh and a hum, saying I know the preacher will not come. The roads are icy the snow is deep; the christian out of his door is afraid to peep as he sits by his window he gruffly does say There's nothing to hinder the preacher today.

The minister comes the church door is locked door knob is so cold he is almost shocked. With a sad heart he turns away. He has not a single hearer this cold day. The people lives around all day in the church lot; their home is warm the church is not. When he goes into the pulpit he does all most freeze, they wonder what makes him so shaky at the knees. They are to blame for the rain hail and snow. They should ask the Lord for how things should go. Yes they are like Elijah who troubled Israel so. He is to blame, we like Pilate are free, we have washed our hands that no young christians blood should be required of me; yet Pilate had the power to set the Savior free.

The minister travels around Is it for man's sake? Oh no, it is to feast on chicken and just the finest cake; the other object is the money they can make. Father said to minister, Howdy do you do, come in the parlor and son shall tend to your horse too. Father turned to son saying feed our shoats do not founder the preacher's horse but give him a pint of oats.

It's a hidden mystery hid deep in the depths. They expect so much of the minister and so little of themselves.

C. F. T.

Rev. George W. Clark died at his home three miles south of Union, on Thursday night, Feb. 10, 1910, about 8 o'clock, of the weaknesses of old age. He was born in Monroe county, Feb. 26, 1828, and had almost completed his 82nd year. Mr. Clark came of one of the county's pioneer families. He was a son of the late James H. Clark and a grandson of Samuel Clark, a Revolutionary soldier from Augusta county, Va., who fought under General Washington at the siege of Yorktown, and in 1784 settled in what is now Monroe county. West Virginia News. [The Rev. Mr. Clark was a brother of the late Samuel Clark, of Academy.]

Notice to Tax Payers

Notice is hereby given that all taxes not paid within sixty days from this date will be proceeded against as the law directs.

This 1st day of March 1910.
JOHN WAUGH,
Sergeant Town Marlinton, W. Va.

Our old friend and fellow sufferer, C. A. Monroe Meadows, is again on the auld sod, being now a part of the Boone County Democrat.

Ross Coledevey, of Dunlevie, was taken to the Hinton Hospital last week for treatment.

Washington's Headquarters

The city of Winchester, Virginia, holds within its keeping on the corner of Cork and Braddock street a small stone house which represents another phase of Washington's career. He was then the idol of the colonies, for his gallantry during the Braddock campaign had brought him prominently into the limelight of the day.

The little house which he occupied during his stay at Winchester has of late fallen into the hands of the corporate authorities, which preserves its preservation.

It is a far cry in Washington's life from Winchester to the final campaign at Yorktown, where the American revolution met with its crowning success. Washington was now at the pinnacle of his fame as a soldier and the star of hope for the colonies was brightening the heavens. The long roll of English supremacy on this continent was beating. The American army, 15,000 strong, lay about Williamsburg, 14 miles from the final scene of glory. Washington was surrounded by such men as Lafayette, Rochambeau, Lincoln and Hamilton, and in the mansion where he had established headquarters were held the most momentous councils of war witnessed during the revolution. The house is still in an excellent state of preservation. Indeed it looks as well now as when within its walls were laid the plans for the defeat of Cornwallis.

It was a brilliant military court that Washington held at Williamsburg, almost within a stone's throw of William and Mary college, the alma mater of Jefferson, Henry and other distinguished Americans, and but a few steps from the house, now in ruins, where he courted the widow Curtis. It was from the Williamsburg house that Washington set out for Yorktown, leading the allied armies through the forests to the culminating triumph.

There is perhaps in this country no place richer in historical associations than Williamsburg, which was the colonial capital of Virginia. It is connected with great events from the earliest settlements of the civil war. Not least among them is the gathering of the American and French for the last campaign of the revolution. It witnessed the preparation of the trap that caught Cornwallis and the brilliant reception of the French officers by Washington. And it is a source of gratification that the headquarters of the first American, one of his last in the field is so well preserved, rising today in its original appearance above the tender roses of the southern clime.—Ex

Farmer's Wealth.

Washington:—The national Grange of West Virginia, through a resolution laid before the Senate by Senator Scott, declared that the department of agriculture misrepresented the facts when it made it appear that the farmers of the country are rolling in wealth.

The resolution says Secretary Wilson distorted the truth by reporting the annual value of farm products were \$3,760,000,000. It says this puts the farmers in a false position before the country and makes the merchants increase their prices for goods to the farmers. After paying their expenses there is only \$760 left for each farm producer.

Unclaimed Letters

List of letters remaining unclaimed in this office for the week ending February 26, 1910.

Ray, F. G.
Taylor, Summers
Cards: East, John L.
Flint, George
Tharp, Robert
Yages, Cam

These letters will be sent to the dead letter office March 12 if not delivered before. In calling for the above say "Advertised" giving date of list.

A. S. OVERHOLT, P. M.

WANTED:—To buy a second-hand two saw trimmer and a two or three saw edger.

PARIS & WILLIAMS,
Marlinton, W. Va.



Adds Healthful Qualities to the Food Economizes Flour, Butter and Eggs

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum—No Lime Phosphates

Top Alleghany.

Sugar making will soon be in order; some people have opened up their camps.

The Top of Alleghany Literary Society had a very interesting meeting Saturday night at Spencer school house.

Charles Spencer and W. B. Simmons attended the teachers' reading circle at Durbin Feb. 22.

Alva Phillips made a business trip to Bartow and Durbin Friday.

Charles Wooddell went to Bartow Thursday for a load as buckets.

James Wenger was in this section Saturday night and Sunday.

W. B. Simmons closed a successful term of school at Boyer Saturday with appropriate exercises. He commenced another school at Boyer Siding on Monday February 28.

Kenton Wilmoth was at home Saturday night and Sunday.

James Murphy made a flying trip to Bartow Saturday.

Norman Kramer, who underwent a surgical operation at the Hinton Hospital, passed here Saturday on his way home. We are glad to say he is getting along nicely.

Miss Bessie Freeman was visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Spencer Tuesday and Wednesday.

Lewis Simmons made a flying trip to Marlinton Thursday.

W. H. Barkley killed a gray fox the other day.

We have had some good thaws lately and to show is about gone except where it is drifted.

Do You Drink?

It has been growing harder and harder for men who drink to get or keep jobs, says the Delineator. One after another great railroads have posted notices warning employes of instant dismissal if they are known to drink.

Such a rule has more practical effect than a hundred temperance lectures. Frick's great iron and steel works at Homestead, Pa., are under absolute total abstinence regulation. The Marshall Field Co., of Chicago, adopted a rule which has been followed to a less or greater extent by other mercantile establishments: "We will not, to our knowledge, place a young man in our business who drinks."

Many a bank clerk has passed a very humiliating quarter of an hour in the office of some surety company, while learning that because he was known to drink the company would refuse to sign his bond unless he could furnish it acceptable security.

The United State Labor Department, using percentages based on several thousand reports, found 90 per cent of the railroads, 79 per cent of the manufacturers, 88 per cent of the trades and 72 per cent of agriculturists discriminate against drinking men and employes.

Administrator's Notice

All parties having claims against the estate of Jacob S. Moore, deceased, are requested to present the same to the undersigned Administrator, proven according to law

State News.

Curtis Withrow recently killed a muskrat at Sandstone, which had at some former time, bit a 22 calibre cartridge between its teeth which was firmly fast in its mouth. Two of the teeth had been forced in the shell and it really was a couple of teeth crowned with a copper shell. The shell had been used as a tooth for a long time from all appearance and was well worn.

The grave of General William Darke, of Revolutionary fame, which is on the Ronemus farm near Shenandoah Junction, Berkeley county, this state, is at last to be properly marked. The granite tablet ordered by the Government will soon be placed in position. General Darke, who won fame as a commander in the war for American independence, was killed in a battle with the Miami Indians in 1801, when he was 65 years old. His body was brought to his plantation, near what is now Shenandoah, for burial.

All the schools of Kanawha district were closed Tuesday on account of lack of funds. The board of education of Kanawha district made application some time ago for help from the state supplementary school fund, but it had been exhausted and the board was directed by the state superintendent to close the schools when the district funds were used up. The board met and took the action noted above. Another illustration of how well the Dawson tax system works.—Braxton Democrat

Since the completion of the recent examination held for applicants for the position of census enumerator in the Third Congressional district, Mr. C. E. Rudesill, census supervisor for the district has found 100 of the applicants fit for the work and has sent their names to the department with recommendations that they be appointed. As there are 350 enumerators needed in the Third district for the work, some further examinations will probably be held and the further examination of the papers of the applicants in the recent examinations will probably allow the appointment of a few more. In some of the places where the examinations were held there was not a single applicant that successfully gave evidence of ability to do the work which is required of the enumerators.

Land For Sale.

We have a few small farms yet left on our Hills Creek tract, and will sell on easy payments. This is choice Blue Grass land and must increase in value. See J. W. Wickline near Lobelia, W. Va. at once if interested.

J. G. & J. W. DWYER,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Notice.

To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that on the tenth day of November, 1909, I sold my clothing, shoes and furnishing business in the town of Durbin, West Virginia, to Shulman Bros. who will continue the business.

This the 5th day of Jan. 1910.
MAX KALIN,
Durbin, W. Va.